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ARTEMUS WARD

SEES THE PRINCE NAPOLEON.

Notwithstandin I haint writ much for the papers of late, nobody needn't flatter theirselves that the undersined is ded. On the contry, "I still live," which words was spoken by DANYIL WEBSTER, who was a able man. Even the old-line whigs of Boston will admit *that*. WEBSTER is ded now, howsever, and his mantle has probly fallen into the hands of sum dealer in 2nd hand close, who can't sell it. Leastways nobody pears to be goin round wearin it to any particler extent, now days. The rigiment of whom I was kurnal finerly concluded they was better adapted as Home Gards, which accounts for your not hearin of me, ear this, where the bauls is the thickest and where the cannon doth roar. But as a American citizen I shall never cease to admire the masterly advance our troops made on Washinton from Bull Run, a short time ago. It was well dun. I spoke to my wife 'bout it at the time. My wife sed it was well dun.

It havin there4 bin detarmined to pertect Baldinsville at all hazzuds, and as there was no apprehensions of any immejit danger, I thought I would go orf onto a pleasure tower. Accordinly I put on a clean Biled Shirt and started for Washinton. I went there to see the Prints NAPOLEON, and not to see the place, which I will here take occasion to obsarve is about as uninterestin a locality as there is this side of J. DAVIS's futer home, if he ever does die, and where I reckon they'll make it so warm for him that he will si for his summer close. It is easy enuff to see why a man goes to the poor house or the penitentiary. It's becaws he can't help it. But why he should woluntarily go and live in Washinton is intirely beyond my comprehension, and I can't say no fairer nor that.

I put up to a leadin hotel. I saw the landlord and sed, "How d'ye do, Square?"

"Fifty cents, sir," was his reply.

"Sir?"

"Half-a-dollar. We charge twenty-five cents for *lookin* at the landlord and fifty cents for speakin to him. If you want supper, a boy will show you to the dinin room for twenty-five cents. Your room bein in the tenth story, it will cost you a dollar to be shown up there."

"How much do you ax a man for breathin in this equinomikal tarvun?" sed I.

"Ten cents a Breth," was his reply.

Washinton hotels is very reasonble in their charges. [N. B.—This is Sarkassum.]

I sent up my keerd to the Prints, and was immejitly usherd before him. He received me kindly and axed me to sit down.

"I hav cum to pay my respecks to you, Mister NAPOLEON, hopin I see you hale and harty."

"I am quite well," he sed. "Air you well, sir?"

"Sound as a cuss!" I answerd.

He seemed to be pleased with my ways, and we entered into conversation to onct.

"How's LEWIS?" I axed, and he sed the Emperor was well. EUGENY was likewise well, he sed. Then I axed him was LEWIS a good provider? did he cum home arly nites? did he perfoom her bed room at a onseasonable hour with gin and tanzy? Did he go to "the Lodge" on nites when there wasn't any Lodge? did he often hav to go down town to meet a friend? did he hav a extensiv acquaintance among poor young widders whose husbans was in Californy? to all of which questions the Prints perlitely replide, givin me to understan that the Emperor was behavin well.

"I ax these questions, my royal duke and most noble higness and imperials, becaws I'm anxious to know how he stands as a man. I know he's smart. He is cunnin, he is long-heded, he is deep—he is grate. But onless he is *good* he'll come down with a crash one of these days and the BONYPARTS will be Bustid up agin. Bet yer life!"

"Air you a preacher, sir?" he inquired, slitely sarkasticul.

"No, sir. But I bleeve in morality. I likewise bleeve in Meetin Houses. Show me a place where there isn't any Meetin Houses and where preachers is never seen, and I'll show you a place where old hats air stuffed into broken winders, where the children air dirty and ragged, where gates hav no hinges, where the wimin air slipshod, and where maps of the devil's "wild land" air painted upon men's shirt-bosums with tobacco jooce! That's what I'll show you. Let us consider what the preachers do for us before we aboose 'em."

He sed he didn't mean to aboose the clergy. Not at all, and he was happy to see that I was interested in the BONYPART family.

"It's a grate family," sed I. "But they scooped the old man in."

"How, sir?"

"NAPOLEON the Grand. The Britishers scooped him at Waterloo. He wanted to do too much, and he did it! They scooped him in at Waterloo, and he subsekently died at St. Heleny! There's where the gratest military man this world ever projuced pegged out. It was rather hard to consine such a man as him to St. Heleny, to spend his larst days in catchin mackeril, and walkin up and down the dreary beach in a military cloak drawn titely round him, (see picter-books), but so it was. 'Hed of the Army!' Them was his larst words. So he had bin. He was grate! Don't I wish we had a pair of his old boots to command sum of our Brigades!"

This pleased JEROME and he took me warmly by the hand.

"ALIXANDER the Grate was punkins," I continnerd, but NAPOLEON was punkinser! ALIC wept becaws there was no more worlds to scoop, and then took to drinkin. He drowndid his sorrers in the flowin bole, and the flowin bole was too much for him. It ginrally is. He undertook to giv a snake exhibition in his boots, but it killed him. That was a bad joke for ALIC.!"

"Since you air so solicitous about France, and the Emperor, may I ask you how your own country is getting along?" sed JEROME, in a pleasant voice.

"It's mixed," I sed. "But I think we shall cum out all right."

"COLUMBUS, when he diskiverd this magnificent continent, could hav had no idee of the grandeur it would one day assoom," sed the Prints.

"It cost COLUMBUS twenty-thousand dollars to fit out his explorin expedition," sed I. "If he had bin a sensible man he'd hav put the money in a hoss railroad or a gas company, and left this magnificent continent to the intelligent savages, who when they got hold of a good thing knew enuff to keep it, and who wouldn't hav seceded, nor rebelled, nor knockt Liberty in the hed with a slungshot. COLUMBUS wasn't much of a feller, after all. It would hav bin money in my pocket if he'd staid to home. CHRIS. ment well, but he put his foot in it when he saled for America."

We talked sum more about matters and things, and at larst I riz to go. "I will now say good bye to you, noble sir, and good luck to you. Likewise the same to CLOTILDY. Also to the gorgeous persons which compose your soot. If the Emperor's boy don't like livin at the Tooleries, when he gits older, and would like to imbark in the show bizniss, let him come with me and I'll make a man of him. You find us sumwhat mixed, as I before obsarved, but come agin next year and you'll find us clearer nor ever. The American Eagle has livd too sumptuously of late—his stummic be-

PLEASANT FOR COMPANY.

Bridget.—OH, MR. CHARLES, MISSUS DON'T SEND NO COMPLIMENTS WITH THIS, AND WANTS TER KNOW IF YER COMPANY THINKS HE'S IN A BEER GARDEN, AN' SAYS HIS RACKET'S MORE THAN FLESH AND BLOOD CAN STAND.

A Slack Rope Business.

Among "the principal lines of our trade," says the traitorous Louisville *Courier*, of Sep. 5th, "rope has suffered." A little further on it remarks that "the trade in rope which last year amounted to ⁂ is at a stand still."

V. F. would suggest, by way of consolation, that the depression is only temporary. As the war progresses the demand for the article will increase, and instead of remaining at a standstill, it will go up rapidly. The editor of the *Courier* need not therefore trouble himself because of the present slackness of Southern rope, as he will no doubt live to see the end of it.

Literary Lynchings in the South.

The Charleston *Mercury* announces the "suspension" of a number of S. C. Secession papers, and the "cutting down" of two, the "Southron," and the "Enquirer." V. F. would suggest as the best course with regard to the editors, that they be *suspended* and *not cut down*. Talking of suspension, three or four traitor papers in New York are "hanging by the eyelids."

Southern Notes Depreciated.

According to the Nashville *Banner*, the Treasury notes of the Rebel Confederacy are "miserably executed." They are not so badly done as the fools who take them.

"Cut this Out."

For organizing an army, feeding, clothing, and equipping it, and going into war business in general, the American people Stand Alone.

cum foul, and he's now takin a slite emetic. That's all. We're gettin ready to strike a big blow and a sure one. When we do strike the fur will fly and secesion will be in the hands of the undertaker, sheeted for so deep a grave that nothin short of GABRIEL'S trombone will ever awaken it! Mind what I say. You've heard the showman!"

Then advisin him to keep away from the PETER FUNK auctions of the East, and the proprietors of corner-lots in the West, I bid him farewell, and went away.

There was a levee at Senator WHAT'S-HIS-NAMES, and I thought I'd jine in the festivities for a spell. Who should I see but she that was SARAH WATKINS, now the wife of our Congresser, trippin in the dance, dressed up to kill in her store close. SARAH'S father used to keep a little grosery store in our town, and she used to clerk it for him in busy times. I was rushin up to shake hands with her when she turned on her heel, and tossin her hed in a contemptuious manner, walked away from me very rapid. "Hallo, SAL," I hollerd, "can't you measure me a quart of them best melasses I may want a codfish, also!" I guess this reminded her of the little red store, and "the days of her happy childhood."

But I fell in with a nice little gal after that, who was much sweeter than SALLY'S father's melasses, and I axed her if we shouldn't glide in the messy danee. She sed we should, and we Glode.

I intended to make this letter very seris, but a few goaks may hav accidently crept in. Never mind. Besides, I think it improves a komick paper to publish a goak once in a while.

Yours Muchly,

WARD, (ARTEMUS.)

How would they like it.

There are a number of heavy guns now in the fortifications on Heights, and, at the risk of being thought traitorous, we must say that we wish the rebels could take the Whole Charge of them!

Sentiment by one in the Paint Business.

"We have got to put the Rebels through the mill, don't you see, till we take all the Grit out of them."

Marble Halls.

A western paper states that, a few days since, two suspicious strangers made a hurried exit from a hotel at Chicago, where they had been staying for a day or two. They left behind them a large trunk, which, upon examination, was found to be filled with marbles, of about musket-ball size. The property was confiscated; there being every reason to suppose that it was intended for "aid and comfort" to the rebels, who are known to be running short of lead for bullets. These marbles, according to the journal referred to, were "to be sold at auction, and would probably go for a mere song." Now, considering the great Haul of marbles made, we suppose that the articles in question have by this time been disposed of to the tune of "Marble Halls."

The Man for the Times.

We are requested to state—and we do so cheerfully—that, with a view to extending the usefulness of the Cooper Institute and at the same time to meeting a want in the community, the cultivated and benevolent founder of that Intellectual Omnibus has determined to establish a special course of instruction in the orthography, pronunciation, definition, origin, size, shape, and use of that great social, philological stumbling block known as the PRESTIDIGITATEUR. Able professors have been engaged. The course will consist of twelve lessons, four hours each. Graduates will receive diplomas setting forth the fact that they have succeeded in mastering the most provoking word in the language. Separate classes will be formed for elderly ladies to whom the French accentuation of the *grand mot* may present extraordinary obstacles.

Russia's best Steppes.

The Steps it has lately taken to assure the United States Government of its sympathy and support.

What we have a Right to Expect.

That the BAKER at the Winter Garden should do a little better with his *roles*.

MRS. ROSS AND HER MAN JEDEDIAH IN NEW-YORK.

EPISTLE 10TH.

SEPTEMBER 7th.

MR. VANITY :—I spose youv bin so stird up, and hed so much ter say, when you sot down ter rite, that you dident know wher ter begin. Ime in jest sich a perdickerment.

Wal, the day arter LIZZY FISK and PETER JOHNSON got marrid, it was Sabberday, and the town clark, AMOS SNELLEN, come along in his sulkey; and driv up ter the door and sed hed rid round for three hour jest ter tell fokes theres agonter be preachin in the red schoolus that mornin. Wal, ter tell the livin truth, its so seldum we hev a chance ter hear the gospel preached round where we lived, I sed we'd better all go. When we got ter the schoolus it was jam full of fokes. Putty soon in walked a tall, lantern-jawed individual, and sot down afore the desk. I knowd it was the preacher, jest as soon as Deacon SNOW handed him the him book.

Wal, he riz and gin out the him, and sot down with a sith, and

a easy grown, and put his hands up ter his furred and looked through his fingers ter take the measure of the fokes he calculated ter preach to. Wal, his prayer I dont wanter say nothin about it, all Ive got ter say hed better red one right out of the book. Prayin fur peace in sich times as these be. Why a body might as wal stop ter knit inter theyr instip needle, when theyr house is on fire. Taint no time ter talk about peace now—no peace til Gen. WASHINGTONS law and constitution is gin up to.

Wal, we sung the blessed old Psalm of Old Hunderd, and sot down as decent people should when they go ter meetin. And the preacher riz up, and spred out his arms, as ef he was a gonter reach the hul congregation. Then he pulled down his westcut and drawed his chin inter his shirt band, and took holt of the corners of his coller, and gin another growned and sith, and looked up under his eyelids like a rooster when he hears another crow, and ef he dident pitch inter preachin with a vengance. He hild up theyr want righteous men enough on this arth ter save the country, and all we'd got ter do was ter cry peace, peace, peace. The judgment day was upon us. Theyr want a minit ter be lost. Afore we knowd it, we should be a lookin through a *blue flame* that would kiver us ter all eturnity. And the critter drawd himself up, and sprung out again fur all the world like an inch worm. Sed he I feel the agony of the hour that's jest upon us! And I cry for peace! peace! peace! p-e-a-c-e! and he acted sorter faintish, fur a minit.

Wal, fokes turned round and looked ter one another. The men fokes put a fresh chaw of tobacker in theyr mouths, and sot theyr sholders back. The women, and girls, handed peppermints and cloves ter one another. Judge SPENCER took his granson and went out of meetin. The preacher looked arter him with an amazin anxious countenance.

Theyr was a gineral nestle among the hul crowd, when the preacher sed hed one word more ter say, and hed finished. Wal, he sed about a thousand words and closed up putty smooth. Then he took out his bandanner handkercher and breshed up his countenance a trifle, and stuck his fingers through his hair, and sich a shinin face as the critter hed was wonderful ter behold. Why, it look like the sun shinin on the moss kiverd rocks jest arter a thunder shower. Then he put his two hands tergether as ef he was a gonter make a cat's cradle, and look kinder sheepish like, and sed, my name is LUKE TOTMAN; Ime a dentist by trade, and ef any on you hev any thing ter be done in my line, I wish youd jest giv me a call. I shel be ter the tavern all this week, the Lord permitin. My prices are marked down ter sute these war times.

Mis BISSEL snickerd right out. JEDEDIAH lookd as ef he was at bilin pint. A putty gineral mildue spred amongst the hul on us. And the last that was seen of LUKE TOTMAN, he was a scootin off on the rail track at daybrake on hand car. The people ginerally let him understand, that hed hev sum difficulty in seein how ter mend teath on acount of the *blue flame* that was certain ter kiver him, ef he stoped in that quarter ten hours.

Your obedient servant,

MEHITABEL ROSS.

P. S.—JEDEDIAH and I took a ride yesterday arternoon in the Center Park. And sich a crowd of fokes as was theyr you woodent bleved cood hev bin scared up; when you count up how many hev gone ter the war. As we rid along, I see JEDEDIAH had his thinking cap on, his under jaw begun ter work up and down, and he began ter chaw. Sed I man what's the matter on you? what is a runnin through your knowledge box? I knowd he was full. Sed he I was calculatin that the wimmin that driv by us was stupid and sleepy enough, without theyr puttin red poppys in theyr bonnets ter make um moreso. Sed he, HITTY, ef these wimmin are your pattern fokes God help the country. I jest like ter advize um ter giv up theyr teams for a light horse rigaments ter go ter the seat of war, and peg around on foot a spel and throw a little color inter theyr faces, and lite inter theyr eyes. A poor chance fur raisin men fur waryers, and statesmen, ef sich sickley wimmin are the foundation for um. I coodent begin ter tell you the hul he sed. Wal, sed JEDEDIAH when he got hum, SIMON I wont ride in your carreg agin. SIMON was wonder stuck, Sez SIMON, sez he, (a warmin a trifle,) its one of the best turn outs in the city. Wal, sed JEDEDIAH if youl please me youl giv your horses ter Gen. MECCLENNEN, and your wheel and axeltrees ter make teater carts; ter carry the sick and wounded soldiers on. Why father, sed the good boy, Ive wished all my life ter be able ter keep a carreg for you and mother ter ride about and take your comfort for the balance of my days, and now I can do it. (JEDEDIAH is a man of feelin, and the tears come inter his eyes.) Sed he, SIMON, Ime gittin old but I want ter see this war ter an end, I want no time lost. Ef fokes dont giv up theyr silver spoons and carreges now, theyl hev ter sup bean pony with a wooden spoon, and go barefoot fore two years are at an eand. Ime glad ter tell ye the horses was holtered and sent aboard the cars for Washington this mornin.

M. R.

Correspondence.

DEAR V. F.—Excuse the liberty I take, but may I ask who is the Author of "Your Being?"

Yours,

BIBLIO.

ANSWER.

DEAR BIBLIO:—No liberty at all, but you ought to know without being told. The Author in question is the finest literary man on this continent, of course. The work may be had at the office of "L. H. STEPHENS, Publisher for the Proprietors." Price six cents.

Yours,

V. F.

A Bad Understanding.

We always knew that the Richmond rebels were bare-faced, and now it appears that they are bare-footed. "The skins in the tannery at Hillsboro'," says a telegram, "have been taken dripping from the vats to convert into shoes." If the skins "drip" now, how they will run when they have been "converted" as aforesaid.

To General Porter.

Don't allow any Reporter to pass your lines, until he is able to parse his own! That will keep 'em in!

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

Private Smith.—"HULLO, JIM, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

Susceptible Zoo-zoo.—"W-WHY, AH, HAIN'T YER HEARD THE NEWS? J-JEFF. D-DAVIS'S DEAD; AND, AH, I—I W-WANTED TO SH-SH-OO-OOT THE B-BUGGAR!"

Columbia To Alexander.

GREETING.

MOST LIBERAL OF DESPOTS,—

Your letter magnanimous
Seems warm from the heart, and I honor its animus,
When to millions of helots, with God's approbation,
A wave of your sceptre gave manhood and station
I said to myself,—why the fact should I smother?
Here's a Despot COLUMBIA can hail as a brother.
Like a brother you write in a season of sorrows,
When the clouds of to-day threaten stormier to-morrows,
And in Sisterly friendship, tho' England may frown, Sire,
I return with my cap the salute of your crown, Sire.

But you misapprehend the true gist of "the struggle,"
I'm in arms to put down a most infamous juggle,
To support Freedom, Justice, and Legal Authority,
And sustain that sole Lord of the Free—the MAJORITY.
Yes, in strictest accord with the Nation's Great Charter,
I for Unity strike at the fiends who would part her
Of "two parties" you talk,—say that *both* should hear reason;
But would *you* as an equal, Sire, recognise Treason
If his boyards should say to the Czar of the Russias
"You hold liberal opinions—their triumph would crush us;
We are armed, we insist on the realms' dissolution
Under pain of war, rapine and wild revolution,"
How would *he* treat the foes that his Empire would sunder?
All his swords would flash out, all his cannon would thunder!
And the "settlement" *he* would accord to such hatters,
Would be the short shrift and the sharp doom of traitors.
Put the case in this light, and then say if you can, Sire,
That *I* should make terms with a black rebel clan, Sire.
For the rest, your warm sympathy cheers and refreshes
My soul, as my sword smites through Treachery's meshes,
In return,—of your land I'll in all time to come, be a
Friend and Ally.

Yours sincerely, COLUMBIA.

More Like It.

In some correspondence of the pirate brig Sumter, intercepted off Galveston, was found a letter from a romantic young person who signs himself "FRANK." This ingenuous youth describes the day on which the Sumter ran the blockade as "a most beautiful one," and says: "It reminded me very much of the one described in 'Lord TOM NODDY'S Ride to the Execution,' a poem I read a number of years ago." To which we must add, just to show how people of taste will differ on some points, that the day in question reminds us very vividly of the one described in "Young FRANCIS NOODLE'S Cruise to the Gallows," a poem which will be read before any great number of months are past.

A Good Name.

We are rejoiced to learn that Mr. G. F. KETCHUM has been appointed Quartermaster of the Boston Light Artillery. Many of our contractors need a KETCHUM very much, and a few of them a plain Ketch.

A Modern Simon.

Why is not Simony as bad in the Cabinet as it is in the Church? VANITY FAIR with all solemnity quotes those dreadful words: "THY MONEY PERISH WITH THEE!"

How they Differed.

The man JEFF. DAVIS—A reck-less one.
The privateer JEFF DAVIS—One wreck more.

Bear With Us.

The One of Russia.

P. S.

It is all very well to talk about having new postage stamps illustrated with likenesses of Pater patriæ and the Founder of "Economy is wealth," "Save your Pennies," and "Alas! we must all of us die!" and other coruscating chunks—but why not let us have them? As it is simply impossible at present to buy a red, black, or blue, much less a green stamp without traveling miles and wasting hours, we expect soon to see advertisements, like the following, inserted in the dailies:

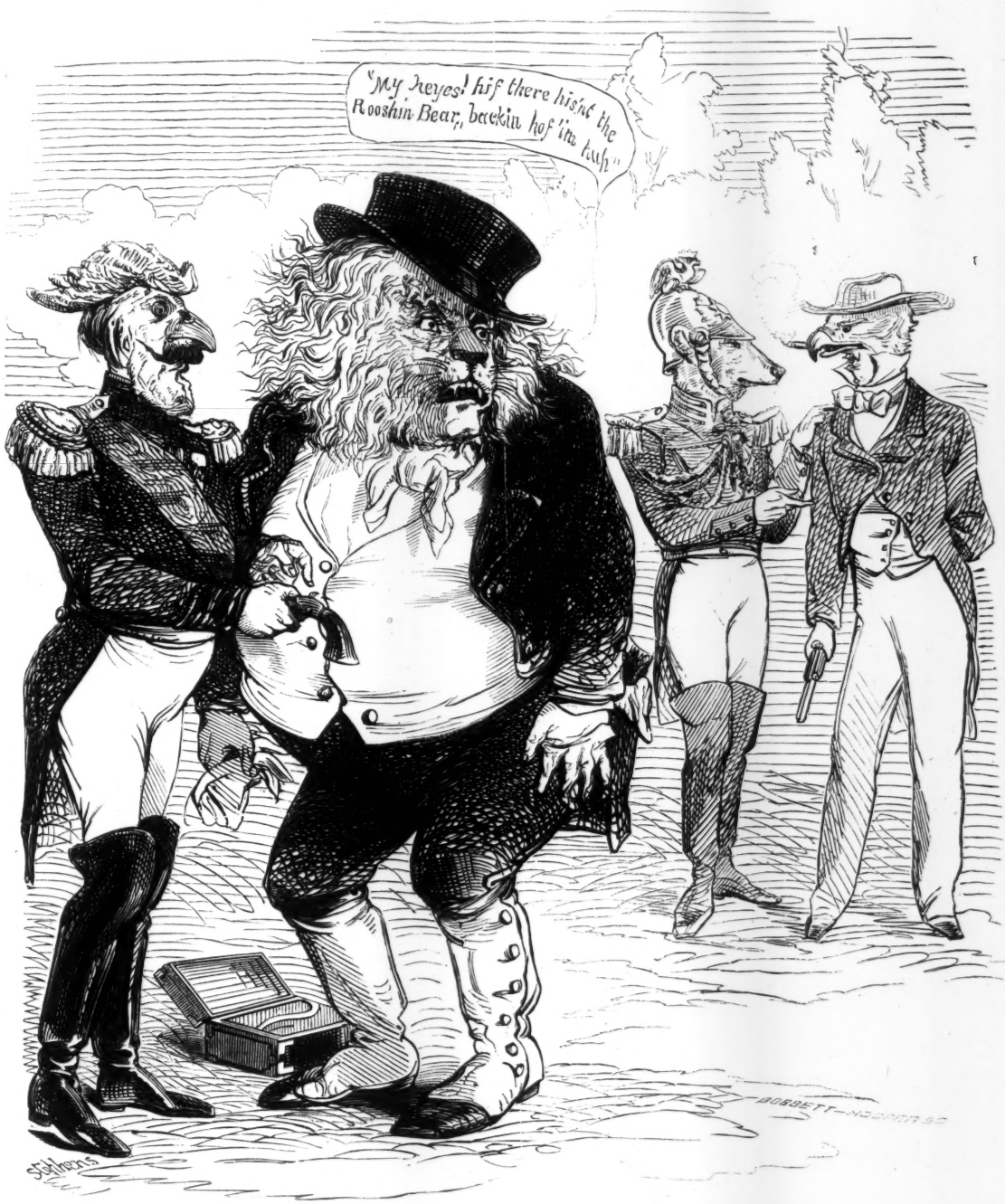
WANTED.—A three cent postage stamp, old or new; also two blues. Ten cents will be paid for the whole, on delivery, at 3030 West 57th Street, Bloomingdale.

People must use stamps, says the government—yet the government refuses to enlarge the facilities for procuring them at all hours. None are to had at any Postal Station, or at the Post Office itself after dark, so that the public is obliged to trust frequently to private benevolence for, not luxuries but, necessities. In view of the state of the case, and as the Government has a civil war on its hands and cannot therefore be expected to bother about ordinary matters, it would be well for our first class philanthropists to establish a depot for the distribution of stamps to needy writers, male and female, old and young, orphaned or otherwise. The Institution should be open to all at all hours, and might be known as the "Metropolitan Hot Postage Stamp Dispensary." Its usefulness might be so extended and perfected in course of time that families could be supplied with assorted colors, fresh or stale, as required, along with their Orange County Milk and French Rolls in the morning, which would certainly be a refined and highly cultivated arrangement.

So, then, let the ASTORS, the ASPINWALLS, the COOPERS and the GRINNELLS turn to and see this or some equally good idea realized forthwith. If no attention be paid to these appeals we intend calling a monster Postage Stamp meeting—with guns—in the Park.

Grounds for Complaint.

Quartermaster's coffee.



A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE.

A FRISKEY PARSON.

We knew that the following must be true, because we found it in the Memphis *Appeal*, a paper that always and inevitably tells the truth, if it can find nothing better to tell. A correspondent of that gentle print describes the battle of Stone Bridge, and gives his readers this incident:

"Parson Rippetoe, a Methodist preacher, and Captain of a Virginia company, performed prodigies of valor at the first taking of Sherman's battery (for it was taken, then lost, and then taken again.) He cut the throats of the horses, and then engaged Lieut. Sherman in a hand-to-hand conflict with sabres. After a ten minutes' fight—both being accomplished swordsmen—he severed Sherman's head from his body at one blow."

Being anxious to corroborate the truth of this statement, lest people might suspect the *Appeal* man of . . . of . . . exaggeration, to use a mild word, we sent a special correspondent to see what he what he could see and learn what he could learn, anent this belligerent divine. Here is the result, to the truth of which our correspondent is prepared to make affidavit at any moment.

"I found Parson RIPPETOE at Richmond, looking pretty well, considering. When sober, he must be a very fine looking preacher. On inquiry, I learned that the *Appeal* man had garbled the facts of the Parson's exploit, most terribly. The fact is, that a personal feeling has existed between them for some years, in consequence of the Parson's father having bit off the nose of the correspondent's grandmother, in a playful moment, and thrown her eldest child out of a three-story window into a well. All the RIPPETOES are of a lively disposition, as may be inferred from the family name.

"This personal animosity led the correspondent to conceal the real prowess of Brother RIPPETOE as far as possible, but the Br. has since made it square, by removing the other's visceræ with a hand-saw, and salting him down as prime mess pork, for army consumption.

"The truth about the taking of the battery is this. Parson RIPPETOE . . . I love to dwell upon that name . . . advanced, single-handed, with his wrists and ankles securely tied together, until he had approached within some three feet of the cannons' mouth. A perfectly irresistible storm of grape, canister, shell, case-shot, cross-bar, chain shot, and other hardware, then opened upon him, and the entire Federal army began throwing bricks.

"Armed with nothing but a rifled umbrella, he pursued his dauntless way. He, indeed, "performed prodigies of valor!" He came suddenly upon the horses, and engaged them in a hand-to-hand conflict, cut the throats of the cannon, dismantled Lieut. SHERMAN, and aided only by a small chaw of tobacco and the customary Southern prayer, . . . that he might fight the Yankees "so long as goddlemitey gave him breath" . . . surrounded the entire battery.

"A movement was now made to cut off his flank, and the battery was taken, retaken, then lost, found, retaken and taken again, and finally retaken, when Parson RIPPETOE determined to take it again.

"He advanced this time in columns, close order. When near enough to see the whites of his eyes, he drew his canteen and went in lemons. He killed twelve men with his breath alone, and engaging Lieut. SHERMAN and the rest of the Federal army, had a pretty good time. After fighting for ten hours without food or sleep, washing or lodging, board or clothes, he raised his brawny arm on high, waved his sabre three times around his head . . . being an accomplished swordsman . . . and with one terrible blow, actually cut off the retreat of the Federalists!

"He then took his hat and went home. Parson RIPPETOE is a modest man, about five feet seven, and lives in the lap of luxury whenever he can. Just now, as times are hard, he is willing to take in preaching, as well as to go out by the day. He is a hard-shell Methodist, and grows his own whiskey. This is all I can learn of him.

"N. B.—I wouldn't read the Memphis *Appeal* any more, if I were you."

WHO RUNS MAY READ.

We make the following interesting extract from a recent Telegraphic column:

The correspondent of the New York *Tribune* arrested a few days since as a spy, has been discharged. There was no proof against him.

Not exactly correct, perhaps. Possibly the better way to state it would be that the *Tribune's* correspondent is in himself, proof against everything. Which accounts for the comparative safety of "our own," even in the most dangerous regions. For when we reflect upon the unceasing activity of the *Tribune* force from attic to basement, we have no fear that any man connected with that busy establishment will ever be beguiled into a Rest. It can't be done, and "made to hold."

THE BRITISH JOURNALIST'S COMPLAINT.

"Indeed, we are not by any means certain but that, barring the one damnable point of negro slavery, the Southern men are better and heartier Republicans than their Northern brethren. The men of the North are far too sectarian, huckstering, canting, and theologically intolerant to suit our taste."—*London Paper*.

I.

If I could only be sure, now,
Which side was going to win,
I'd seize my pen and my scissors,
And rush right gallantly in.

II.

If England can get her Cotton
From the Indian colonies,
"I would say, "Hurrah for the Yankees!"
And raise a terrible breeze.

III.

But you see, I am undecided;
If the Cotton supply should fail,
Our down-trodden Manchester weavers,
Would tell a horrible tale.

IV.

The mills would soon stand idle,
And starving, riotous hands
Would leave but a heap of black ruins,
Where Manchester now stands!

V.

So I'm forced to shuffle and quibble,
In every leader I write, . . .
To preach up "the issue of Slavery,"
As "the worthiest cause" for fight.

VI.

I have to say to the Yankees,
Your war is a game of brag,
You ought to think only of Niggers,
Instead of your laws and your flag!"

VII.

But I know very well that whether
The issue was "Nigger," or not,
It can be but a question of Cotton
That touches Old England's spot.

VIII.

Still, we're fond of talking of Mercy,
And down at Exeter Hall
They wrap up Commerce completely,
In Madam Charity's shawl.

IX.

But in this American question,
'Tis as hard to judge, forsooth,
As it is for a British paper,
To tell the unbiassed truth.

THERE IS A GOOD TIME A COMING.

The *World* is wide awake. It is very evident the War Department influence is at an end in that journal, and that red tape and contracts no longer control the editorial columns.

Hear it, upon the necessities of the government, and the contrast with the French Republic of '93:

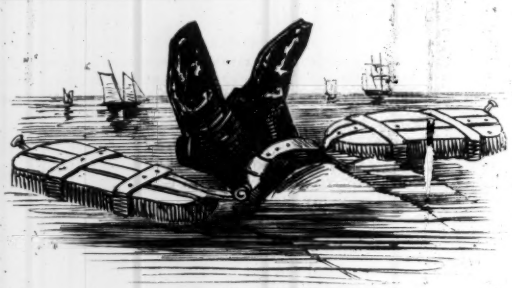
It is true they had a CARNOT in the civil councils who was able both to infuse courage and enthusiasm into the people, and then to organize with the grandest unity and effect. We have no such inspiring, commanding ability in our public administration.

In God's name then, let us have it. Speak out freely, Oh, ye people! Demand an immediate change in the War Department, for if you want "courage and enthusiasm" excited, there is one man who can do it, and that man is JOSEPH HOLT.

Con.

Q.—Why are publishers the wittiest of all men!

A.—Because not a day passes that they do not get off their 12 and 18 Mots.



IF YOU SHOULD GO UPON A STEAMBOAT TRIP, FIND OUT EARLY WHERE THE "CORKS" ARE CONCEALED, AS OTHERWISE YOU MAY BE OBLIGED TO ADJUST THEM HURRIEDLY.

SONG OF THE SHODDY

I.

I, Lieutenant-Colonel GRAHAM,
Of the Twelfth, depose and say,
That the coats contractors gave us,
Were of shoddy-cloth of gray;
Badly made, and badly fashioned,
Much too large or small for men;
Only for a day we wore them,
And they came to pieces then.
Bad the buttons—bad the breeches,
Breeches only fit for mending—
O the ripping! O the darning!
O the tailoring unending!

II.

I am WALKER, Quarter-master,
And, in telling of our clothes,
Of the general lack of buttons,
Specially I do depose.
Here were buttons badly broken;
There were buttons half sewed on;
There were coats and trowsers wholly
Without buttons—no, not one!

III.

I am RICHARDSON, once tailor,
All these tricks are known to me;
And I swear the jackets furnished,
Worth apiece but dollars three!
And the toggery altogether,
Ragged, rotten, wretched, rifty,
Was not worth a sum exceeding
Dollars nine and pennies fifty.

IV.

Close the record! O my country!
Could it be you did intend,
Wretches draped in shameful shoddy,
To the battle-field to send?
Shoddy ripping, shoddy bursting,
Shoddy rotting in a day;
Coats with holes without the buttons,
Half of blue, and half of gray;
Coats too large and coats too little,—
Coats not fitting any body;
Jackets, overcoats and trowsers,
Made of cheap and shameful Shoddy?
Regiments of gallant fellows,
In a pauper garb bedecked:
Ripping seams and jackets ripping,
Pantaloons completely wrecked?
Who then blunder'd? Who then swindled?
Let us print his blasted name!
Let us hang the suit of Shoddy
On his own dishonor'd frame!
Let us make him then betake him,
In his own contractor-clothes,
Where his service will be something,
Scaring from the corn the crows!

WHERE IS ALL THE COMMON SENSE GONE TO?

It is all very fine to be a statesman or diplomatist—to have lots of brains and vast fields of learning—to be up to everybody's stuff, and all that style of thing, but one of the handiest articles for general use is undoubtedly a little common sense. A good many men have marked out reputations for themselves by the simple exercise of cheap, sensible, practical, homely ideas upon everything. We admire ability, but at the same time we confess to liking it more when joined with a few grains of the commonest sense. The administration, recently elected by the "Mudsills and Greasy Mechanics of the North," is certainly, as a general rule, able to manage its own affairs, and does not need any advice from men-wielders and politicians—a little instruction to General SCOTT from the unpretending *Tribune*, or the diffident *Times*, goes a great way, as the people have had occasion to see. V. F., therefore, does not wish to intrude in the "Onward to Richmond! via. Bull Run" style, still he feels called upon to drop a quiet remark about an important matter.

There are prisoners confined at Richmond, ditto. at Bedloe's Island and elsewhere. Well, isn't it absurd for the Federal Army to take prisoners merely to put the already over-taxed loyal party to the expense of feeding and sheltering them? Why can't we exchange, man for man, officer for officer, with the rebels, and so win back a few valuable leaders, as for instance, Col. CORCORAN and others? If CORCORAN were in New York, this moment, he could rally to his standard five thousand brave Irishmen, anxious to follow so noble a patriot as this hero of Manassas Plains. By the merest technical quibble, therefore, the government is depriving itself of the services of at least one excellent and needed brigade, and this, too, at a time when men are more needed than money. Again, does the enemy treat his prisoners as well as we do ours? We doubt it. Why then leave them to suffer in their hands? Many are wounded or sick, all are poor. We have received flags of truce from the rebel ranks, and by so doing virtually accorded them a belligerent's right. What is the use of halving the question in this way, when we make nothing and lose everything? Our status as a nation will not be materially injured by the infusion of a little straightforward common sense into the action of the government regarding the exchange of prisoners.

JOHN BULL AND HIS COTTON.

All England is "on the Rampage" in the matter of the Cotton Supply, and the English journals, those of them that are in the cotton-spinners interests, are working themselves into a high state of cantankerousness because they can't get the snowy fibre from us this year, as usual. Some of these journals, the London *Times* among the rest, are straining their journalistic eyes, like sister ANNE in the tower, to see if there is any cotton coming to them at all. The *Times* turns its eyes towards Chittagong—an elder brother, we presume, of the celebrated Hotelgong—and tells us that Chittagong—is "excellently adapted fer the production of cotton, and immediately available for the experiment." If Chittagong can *positively*, and without any nonsense, grow cotton, as the *Times* says it can, we confess that we do not see why the growing of cotton in Chittagong should be called, by the *Times* an "experiment." However, that is a mere matter of form and we are disposed to let it pass.

The *Times* goes on to suggest that the "Kookies," the persons who inhabit Chittagong at present, and whose time is chiefly taken up in lopping off the heads of their inimical neighbors, should be diverted from that interesting but non-productive pursuit, and put to planting cotton. This plan sounds like a very fine one, but we are inclined to think that if JOHN BULL ever attempts to put it into execution, he will have as much trouble with his Kookies as a bungling housewife has with hers, and that, as in the case of the unwilful female aforesaid, his Cake will be all Dough at a very early stage of the undertaking.

Advice to Peacemongers.

We have done everything to bring you over to our Federal ground, and we can tell you now, that if you won't Come Over, you have got to Come Under!

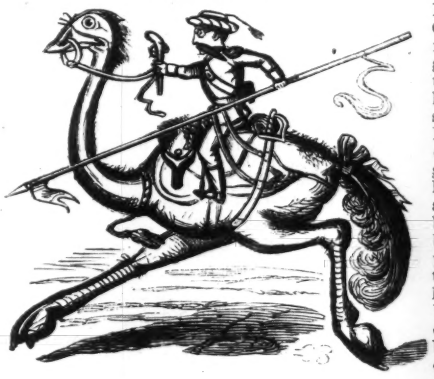
Look out for Them!

When the White Feather party talk about the Peaceful Solution of the present question, depend upon it they only mean a Peaceful Dissolution!

The Sooner the Better.

The "Doomsday Book" is a matter of history, We wish the *Day-Book's* Doom were, also.

HARDEE MADE EASY.



SINCE the Caucasian hero, SCHAMYL, gave so much trouble with his crooked swords to the Russians, literally managing to hold his own against them by hook and by crook, weapons of that form have come to be looked upon with favor by the principal professors of carnage throughout the world. One of the latter, who also fills the position of senior editor of the *Tribune*, informs us that "cimeters sweep;" but this is a vague and indefinite assertion, and one that may be quite as truly applied to corn brooms, as any old woman can testify. Should the senior editor of the *Tribune* insist upon carrying out his theory, however, he can practically do so by raising a regiment of dragoons, armed with "cimeters," for the purpose of sweeping the streets of Richmond when he makes his long promised triumphal entry into that expectant city.

But, because elegant execution can be done with a curved sword, that is no reason why good, substantial duty cannot be performed with a straight one—which brings us to the point.

Cutting, alone, can be performed with the crooked weapon; which, indeed, like many another kind of tool, must therefore be looked upon as a mere hack.

To cutting acuteness, however, the straight sword adds immense power of penetration; on which account it is professionally termed a "cut-and-thrust." Some light hearted professors of carnage, indeed, do not use an expression so vulgar in alluding to their favorite weapon, but call it by a pleasant pet name associated with the verb "to stick," such as "cheese-toaster," "rib-tickler," and "toad-stickers."

Each of these weapons is so good in its way, that it is difficult to decide with which of them our cavalry ought in general to be provided. Perhaps, upon this point, we might profitably take a hint from the Japanese, whose officers of distinction carry two swords, both of the curved pattern, however. A dragoon furnished with two swords—a curved and a straight one—would be an uglier customer than even a Japanese officer of distinction, which is saying a good deal: and, as nothing lightens duty more than variety in the form of it, sweet, indeed, would be the toil of the trooper could he but carve his way through the columns of the enemy as with a knife and fork.

And, now, a word about the lance, than which no weapon can be more galling to the man lanced. This arm—the javelin of old, the *djereed* of the Orient—may be used with great effect from the back of horse, of camel, or of ostrich. The latter may be new to the reader as a cavalry "mount." Prince NAPOLEON, however, who, according to the *Herald*, is travelling in this country as a reporter for a Paris journal, assured the present writer on one occasion, at PFAFF's, that his cousin—(P. N.'s cousin, not the present writer's) the Emperor of the French, has three regiments of *chasseurs à l'autruche* in his African provinces. The animals are hatched from the eggs by the Society of Acclimatation of Paris, which convenes a good many sittings for that purpose in the tender spring time of the year.

A Medical Desideratum Supplied.

V. F. notices with delight that the New York Medical College has established "a Chair of Aural Surgery." We do what we can to keep the ears of divers John Donkeys from getting offensively long; but the work is great, and we do not object to a little help. While Dr. V. F. will still give his attention to aggravated cases of Aural Elongation, like those now raging in some of the newspaper offices in this city, he confidently commends the College as a place where braying traitors may be reduced to crop-eared subjection and silence, safely and expeditiously.

The Spinster's Avowal.

Amo Tea.

MORE "BRITISH FAIR PLAY."

There is a nice little newspaper published in London, under the title of *Reynolds's Newspaper*. It is a Sunday paper, but that misfortune does not prevent it from indulging in opinions... opinions of really extraordinary strength, length, and general magnificence.

In an article upon the battle of Bull Run, some calm-spirited youth, with a taste for polysyllables, exerts himself thus:—

"This defeat, which on some grounds, we deeply regret, we, nevertheless, maintain to have been richly deserved. The ignominious rout of the Northern soldiers and civilians from Manassas Gap to the shores of the Potomac, and into the very centre of Washington itself, was but the natural result of their ignorant depreciation of their antagonists, their disgusting vapouring as to their superior prowess, their cowardly and criminal shrinking from the emancipation of the Southern slaves, and the wretched, not to say fatuous, generalship, to which, from the very beginning of the present war, they have abandoned the principal portion of their military operations."

We rather like the style of this article. It is sweet, if not clean. There is talent into it. If the shores of the Potomac "and the very centre of Washington" have ignorantly depreciated their antagonists, and indulged in "disgusting vapouring," we suppose they are sorry. Hereafter, O shores and centre, draw it mild!

We do not consider it all likely that a half-baked penny-a-liner on a London Sunday paper should know that the war is a fight for the Union and the Constitution. We can inform him, however, that such is the fact, and that his reference to our "cowardly and criminal shrinking from the emancipation of the Southern slaves," strikes us as being rather brilliant, in that connection. The Constitution gives us no power whatever to take away any man's property. That is a lively little peculiarity of the sweet uses of Royalty. We are not in that line of business. And as for "the wretched, not to say fatuous (he uses the word 'fatuous' three times in his article) generalship," of which he speaks, we beg leave to say that so long as the battle of Balaklava remains on record, the less that Englishmen talk about military blunders the better.

Until the Almighty Cotton question is settled in England, however, we cannot expect either truth or fairness from her press, from the *Times* down to *Reynold's Newspaper*. The whole business of British Neutrality means nothing but this: "I am waiting to see how I can get cotton the soonest, . . . by siding with the North or with the South." If we wish to avoid England's interference, we must not only shut the Door to Commerce, but remove the staple and keep her from Hooking it.

A Joke on Purpose.

BARNUM may truly be said to be a man of Purpose. Two valuable white whales, procured by him from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, died in the cellar of his Museum under homœpathic treatment with regard to water. Another of these charming monsters has now been procured, however, by the enterprising P. T. B., and is judiciously given the run of JONES's Wood, where it will, doubtless, enjoy itself immensely in climbing trees and other whaley pass-times.

N. B.—A joke may be made out of the above, by pronouncing "Purpose" "Porpoise"—a creature "very like a whale.

Plain as a Pike-Staff.

It appears that ALBERT PIKE, of Arkansas, is organizing an army of Creeks, Camanches, and other Indian tribes of the West, for the invasion of Kansas, in the Rebel cause. Why ALBERT PIKE should thus put himself into paint and blanket might be a riddle for us, did we not remember that he is the author of a good deal of stray poetry, on the strength of which, probably, he puts in his claim as one of the Read Men. Perhaps his warriors, like his verses, may, after all, turn out to be of a fugitive character.

Warranted Safe in any Climate.

"I have joined the Home Guard," said MR. FERGUSON.

"What for?" said MRS. FERGUSON.

"When so many of our soldiers are away, madame," said MR. FERGUSON, "our country needs some Safeguard."

"Well," said MRS. FERGUSON, "you have certainly joined the Safest Guard I know of!"

What's in a Name?

STANLEY GORE, Esq., Chairman, &c, has signed a call for a Peace Convention in Massachusetts. GORE, in spite of his sanguinary name, objects to blood shed. Now Gore means Blood, but it also means Mud; and from the liberal way in which he flings that article, it is evident that this GORE belongs to the Muddy branch of the family.